

Two Kinds of Diamonds.

Several years ago I chance to stop at the same hotel in Dallas, where Alvin Joslin did," remarked an actor now filling an engagement in Chicago, "and I was astounded by his ostentatious parading of his diamonds. There were a number of ladies sitting upon the hotel veranda, and he seemed to take especial delight in dazzling their eyes with his jewels. After strutting past them several times he suddenly stopped, made a bow to the coterie, and said very brusquely: 'An, I see that you admire my diamonds. Permit me. This one is worth \$2,000. This cost me \$2,500. This cluster pin I value at \$5,000. I have with me diamonds worth \$30,000, and I own \$10,000 worth which I have stored for safe keeping in a Chicago bank.'

"None of the ladies fainted or fled or went into ecstasies over the display, and not a word was vouchsafed in reply.

"That evening when Davis entered the hotel dining room he was seated at a table in the middle of the room and alone. A few minutes later a half dozen young men in full dress entered the dining room in a body and sat down at the same table. In the center of each unimmaculate shirt front shone a bit of plate glass as large as a marble, while brass rings bearing great settings of glass fairly loaded down the hands of the newcomers. Davis glanced about the table and his jaw dropped from sheer astonishment. Before he could recover himself, one of the young men arose and, walking around the table to Alvin's seat, said in a tone that was distinctly audible throughout the room: 'Ah, I see you admire my diamonds. Permit me. This one is worth eight cents a pound, retail. This cost me a nickel, just as it is. This one I value at a dime. I have with me seventy cents' worth of gems, and I own an interest in a glass works at Chicago besides.'

"Before that speech was ended the diamond Joslin either lost his appetite or finished his supper, for he hastily arose and left the room, followed by a lively chorus of ahs and ohs."—Chicago Mail.

He Wanted to Get In.

Jimmy Murphy was a newspaper office boy, and Jimmy was a terror. He did nothing in particular save smoke cigarettes and beg for theater tickets, and was known to all the reporters as "Murph." One night he wanted to go to a certain show very badly, but had not been successful in begging or stealing a ticket from the dramatic editor. He went up to the theater about 8 o'clock and stood around the gallery entrance in the hope that he could in some way gain admittance. The manager of the theater came along in a little while, and noticing him standing there, said, "Hello, Murph" and went into the house.

Five minutes later "Murph" walked up to the doorkeeper at the main entrance and said, "Say, is de manager in?"

"What do you want to know for?" asked the guardian of the portal.

"Well, I wanter see him, see?"

"But what do you want to see him for?"

"I wanter get him ter pass me in."

"But he won't do it."

"I tink he will, see?"

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, he came along out dere an said, 'Hello, Murph,' an empty wots familiar enuff wid me to call me Murph, will do a little favor like dat for me."—Buffalo Express.

An Innocent Rural Lady.

Monroe is a flag station on the Botsford branch of the New Haven and Derby road. When the engineer of Conductor Beer's train saw the flag exposed a day or two ago he stopped his train. Only one person, an old lady, was to be seen, and the conductor stepped from the train to help her aboard. The old lady did not stir, and the conductor said, "Step on board, lady, so we can go on." Then her mouth opened, and she said: "Laws, I don't want to get aboard. I stopped you to send word to my folks that I was coming up tomorrow, and I want you to tell John to meet me at the station to care for my baggage."

Then she stopped, for the train was moving, the conductor having given the signal to start without waiting to learn where "John" and "my folks" lived, while the old lady looked as though she thought train officials were not very accommodating when they would not even carry a message for her. —Hartford Courant.

An Actor's Unknown Friend.

"Joe Jefferson," said an old theater goer, "had taken a lady to a restaurant, and when he put his hand in his pocket to pay his bill he didn't feel a penny. He explained his position to the cashier, but the cashier 'didn't know him.' The perspiration began to ooze when a gentleman stepped up, laid a twenty dollar bill on the desk, and said:

"I know you, sir; allow me to settle."

"Jefferson was profuse in his thanks, and when near the door, said:

"You must give me your name and address, sir, in order that I may call around tomorrow and settle."

"Never mind that," said the stranger with a smile. "That bill was a counterfeit and I got seventeen dollars in change."—St. Louis Chronicle.

Modern Curriculum.

Visitor—I understand that the public schools of this city are models of Nineteenth century progress?

Little Boy—Yes'm, that's wot every one says. I go to 'em.

"What do you study?"

"Oh, everything—free 'and drawin', an cookin', an bacteriology, an music, an spectrum analysis, an sewin' on buttons, an agricultural chemistry, an dish-washin', an everything."—Good News.

How to Tell Fresh Cod.

To tell a good cod when you go to market, examining the fish just above the tail. In a healthy cod the body is round and plump. The lower half of the fish will be almost cone shaped.—New York Journal.



An attractive face is the one that belongs to a thoroughly healthy woman. That's what you'll be—if you'll take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The painful disorders and diseases that afflict women make themselves seen as well as felt. Dull eyes, a blotched or sallow face, and a wæsiful form follow them. On all these ailments and weaknesses, regulate and promote the proper functions, quiet your nerves, build up your health and strength—with the "Favorite Prescription." It does all these things, and more. The system is invigorated, the blood enlivened, digestion improved, melancholy and nervousness dispelled.

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